Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaquenétta. God giue you good morrow M. Person.

Nath. Maister Person, *quasi* Person? And if one shoulde be perst, Which is the one? (head,

Clo. Marrie M. Schoolemaster, he that is likliest to a hoggs-

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well.

Iaque. Good M. Parson be so good as read me this letter, it was geuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you read it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vmbra ruminat, and so foorth. Ah good olde *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vemchie*, *vencha*, *que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*, Who vnderstandeth thee not, loues thee not, *vt re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contentes? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Holo. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stauze, a verse, *Lege domine*: If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer fayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile faythfull proue.
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed
Studie his bya as leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffise.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire,
Thy eie *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thūder
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That singes heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong.

Pedan. You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratefied, but for the elegancie,

gancie facilitie, and golden cadence of
Naso was the man. And why in deed
ling out the odoriferous flowers of fan
uention imitarie is nothing: So doth th
the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his
virgin, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*
Queenes Lordes.

Nath. I will ouerglaunce the superso
To the snow-white hand of the most bew
I will looke againe on the intellect of th
mination of the partie written to the p
Your Ladiships in all desired imployment

Ped. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is o
with the King, and here he hath framed
of the stranger Queenes: which acciden
of progression, hath miscarried. Trip a
deliuer this Paper into the royall hand o
concerne much: stay not thy complem
dewtie, adue.

Mayd. Good *Costard* go with me: sir

Cost. Haue with thee my girle.

Holo. Sir you haue done this in the fea
giously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not mee of the Father, I
coloures. But to returne to the Verses,
sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of
mine, where if (before repast) it shall pl
the table with a Grace, I will on my priu
the parentes of the foresaid childe or pupi
bien venuto, where I will proue those Ve
learned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, wi
I beseech your societie.

Nath. And thanke you to: for socie
is the happines of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallib

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)